THE

OFFSPRING OF FANCY;

OR,

Suffolk, Norfolk, and Eſſex

NEW AND ENTERTAINING

SONG-BOOK,

FOR THE YEAR 1794.

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Harding M 269

INDEX.

Page

AS o'er her white forehead the gilt treſſes flow, 8
As I lean'd o'er a gate, one Midſummer eve, 20
At ſixteen years old you could get little good of me, 52

Behold, deny'd their airy flight, - - 26
Bold Jack, the ſailor, here I come, - - 51
By the ſide of a mountain, o'erſhadow'd with trees, 48

Come hither, ye youths, and attend to my call, 6
Come, pretty Poll, from tears refrain, - 19

Dead is the dream of life, that calm'd my care, 34
Dear Nancy, I've ſail'd the world all around, 24

Examine the world with attention, you'll find 29

For England, when with fav'ring gale, - 38

Great Britain is the nobleſt land, - - 23

I am a bright and ſprightly lad, - - 14
I cannot help thinking I've oft been to blame, 12
In a gloomy receſs, where the ſun's chearful light, 4
In vain the broom blooms freſh and gay, - 5
In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow ſtream, - 13
In yonder wilds, ah! let me ſtray, - 17

Kirkaldy is a bonny place, - - 8

Long ere the tints of roſy day - - 59

Mankind all get drunk, ay and womankind too, 32

Ned oft had brav'd the field of battle, - 22
Now, while above that range of hills, - 25

O dear, what can the matter be, - - 7
O England! O my native Iſle! - - 61
O you, whoſe lives on land are paſs'd, - 60

Peaceful ſlumb'ring on the ocean, - - 42

INDEX.

	Page
See Auſtria's daughter, Gallia's queen,	35
Since them I'm doom'd this ſad reverſe to prove,	8
Sir Solomon Simons, when he did wed,	67
Soft muſic I let my humble lay	56
Sullen ſounds the midnight bell,	66
The heroes ſtout, who danger ſcorn,	27
The merry man,	28
The oppreſs'd by ſleep may hope	33
The Romans in England they once did ſway,	44
The paſſing bell was heard to toll,	49
The ſurge hoarſely murm'ring,	65
There was Dorothy Dump,	64
This life is like a country dance,	42
Tho' neither in ſilks nor in ſatins I'm ſeen,	39
Thy freedom loſt, once more, ſweet bird,	31
To the nations around her, while hiſtory tells	57
'Twas in the ev'ning of a wintry day,	22
'Twas in Edinburgh town, I met wi a lad,	36
'Twas at the hour of day's decline,	58
We ſoldiers drink, we ſoldiers ſing,	37
What art thou, faſcinating war?	61
When firſt I left my native ſail,	8
When nature firſt ſalutes the ſpring,	10
When Patty wanders far away,	18
When the lads and the laſſes are met on the green,	30
When on board our trim veſſel we joyouſly ſteer'd,	21
When laſt in the Dreadful your honour ſet ſail,	40
When the hollow drum has beat to bed,	54
While round theſe tow'rs the Britiſh colours wave,	63
Where ſhall I ſeek the lovely ſwain,	3
Willy woes me ſoon and late,	18
Wine, wine is the cordial that conquers deſpair,	15
Would ye ſee the world in little,	46
You aſk why I murmur, and beat my ſad breaſt?	55
Young Damon has woo'd me a monſtrous long time,	16

SONGS.

SONG.

THE DISAPPOINTED TAR.

Sung at moſt Places of Public Amuſement.

WHEN firſt I left my native ſoil,
Wide o'er the foaming ſurge to toil,
And bade my friends adieu;
In paſſing ſighs my burſting heart,
Did to the winds its grief impart,
But ſigh'd alone for you.

And when in whiſtling ſtormy gales,
Æölus ſternly ſplit our ſails,
I'd ſtill my fair in view;
When light'ning flaſh'd and thunder roar'd,
And ſplit our mainmaſt by the board,
I ſigh'd alone for you.

In gun-ſhot, when we did diſcern,
And all the crew from ſtem to ſtern,
Prepar'd to drub the foe;
I calmly view'd, from ſide to ſide,
The havock of each loud broadſide,
But ſigh'd, alas! for you.

And when in dock our ſhip was laid,
And ev'ry tar his wages paid,
His pleaſure to purſue;
I haſten'd to the girl I lov'd
But find my Fan's inconſtant prov'd,
Yet ſtill muſt ſigh for you.

SONG.

AS O'ER HER WHITE FOREHEAD.

Sung by Madame Mara, *at the* Principal Concerts,
compoſed by Mr. Camidge.

AS o'er her white forehead the gilt treſſes flow,
Like the rays of the ſun on a hillock of ſnow;
Thus the painters of old drew the queen of the fair,
'Tis the taſte of the antients, 'tis claſſical hair.

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll, or they flow,
Shall be glad for my joy, or ſhall weep for my woe;
She ſhall eaſe my fond heart, and relieve its ſoft pain,
While thouſands of rivals are ſighing in vain.

SONG.

THE SILVER MOON.

Sung by Miſs Milne, *at* Vauxhall.

WHERE ſhall I ſeek the lovely ſwain,
That woo'd me on the banks of Tweed?
Where hear the ſoft and tender ſtrain
He play'd upon his oaten reed?
O ſweetly could the ſhepherd play;
The bonny boy that won me ſoon;
For Sandy ſtole my heart away,
While playing by the ſilver moon.

Where can he ſtray, ah! tell me where;
Return, my love, return to me;
Come, let us to the grot repair
That overlooks the ſurgy ſea:
And, when the village train's at reſt,
My bonny boy thy bagpipes tune,
For what can e'er our loves moleſt,
While playing by the ſilver moon.

Come then, my bonny boy, with ſpeed,
Or elſe, with grief, my heart will break;
Come, let us range the Banks of Tweed,
And join the merry dance or wake:
But what's the dance or wake to me,
The boaſt of ev'ry ſilly loon,
Compar'd to moments paſs'd with thee,
While playing by the ſilver moon.

SONG.

THE PRISONER RELEASED.

Written by Mr. Croſs.

IN a gloomy receſs, where the ſun's chearful light
Scarce yielded a glimmering ray,
On a pallet of ſtraw, diſmal, ſilent, as night.
A long confin'd priſoner lay.
His beard ſilver'd o'er with the labour of years,
A cruſt and cold water his cheer,
While down the damp wall ſeem'd to pace mournful tears,
In compaſſion, alas! for his fare.

Hours, hard to be number'd, in ſorrow he paſs'd,
And oft pour'd to heav'n the pray'r,
That each moment he breath'd might be his laſt,
For, alas! he had more than his ſhare.
Sometimes pleas'd with former delights would he rave,
But ſoon the delirium retreats,
Till pity at length deign'd to enter his cave,
And purchas'd him liberty's ſweets.

Releas'd he had now a new world t' explore,
Freſh ſcenes brought paſt joys to his mind,
But the friends of his youth were diſpers'd, or no more,
And ſcare left a relict behind.
His cot, where frugality once chearful reign'd,
Diſpenſing to poverty food,
Was now quite a chaos, no token remain'd
To tell where it formerly ſtood.

Back he ſped to his priſon, revolving in thought,
Now Hope oft ſpeaks fair to deceive,
Cry'd, the world has no charms for an old man forgot,
Me again to my dungeon receive.
His boon, with a frown, the ſtern keeper denies;
Of life being now fully tir'd
He turn'd up to heav'n his tear ſwoln eyes,
Then ſigh'd, bow'd his head, and expir'd.

SONG.

MY BONNY JOE IS GONE TO SEA.

Sung by Mrs. Addiſon, *at* Vauxhall.

IN vain the broom blooms freſh and gay,
No joy the ſpring affords to me;
My love is gone, ah well-a-day!
My bonny Joe is gone to ſea.

The lad was nature's pride and boaſt,
But fortune ſmil'd not at his birth;
My cruel dad our love has croſt:
He knew not half my ſailor's worth.

Dear laſs, he cry'd, more wealth to gain,
I leave my love a-while to mourn;
But bright is pleaſure after pain,
And bleſt we'll be when I return.

The hour is near, ſo blithe and gay,
That brings my Joe to love and me;
No more I'll cry, ah well-a-day!
When my dear Joe returns from ſea.

SONG.

THE VAUXHALL GYPSEY.

Sung by Miſs Milne, *at* Vauxhall.

COME hither, ye youths, and attend to my call,
I'm the poor little gypſey that ſings at Vauxhall,
Who has cunning enough, if you croſs but her hand,
To know whether fate will obey her command.
Then liſt to my call,
Whether ſober or tipſey,
Attend to the gypſey,
The poor little gypſey, that ſings at Vauxhall.

Some youths who're in love, and can live on a ſigh,
May be anxious to gueſs at their fair one's reply:
If ſhe ſhews her white teeth, and forever is gay,
Love is ſad, and you only, are in—a ſad way.
You'll ſhortly ſing ſmall,
No longer *ſe ipſe:*
So mind you the gypſey,
The poor little gypſey, that ſings at Vauxhall.

The ſweet little miſs, juſt arrived at her teens,
Who cannot make out what the gentlemen means;
Begs Teacher to ſuffer her lot may be told her,
Whether "Huſband and coach," as in time ſhe grows older?
Then come to my call,
So friſky and whip-ſe,
And mind you the gypſey,
The poor little gypſey, that ſings at Vauxhall.

Would

Would you all wiſh to know then, the fortune of all,
Here come to my Levee, at merry Vauxhall;
Where croſs gypſey's hand with a ſmall bit of ſtuff,
No man but ſhall ſay, I give bleſſings enough.
Then be bleſt one and all!
Either ſober or tipſey,
Remember the gypſey,
The poor little gypſey, that ſings at Vauxhall.

SONG.

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.

A favourite Duet.

O Dear! what can the matter be,
O! what can the matter be,
Dear! what can the matter be,
Johnny's ſo long at the fair?
He promis'd he'd buy me a fairing ſhould pleaſe me,
And then for a kiſs, O he vow'd he would teaſe me,
He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

O dear! what can the matter be,
O! what can the matter be,
Dear! what can the matter be,
Johnny's ſo long at the fair?
He promis'd he'd bring me a baſket of poſies,
A garland of lillies, a garland of roſes,
A little ſtraw hat, to ſet off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.

SONG

SONG.

BREAK MY SINKING HEART.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan *in the* Spoil'd Child.

SINCE then I'm doom'd this ſad reverſe to prove,
To quit each object of my infant care;
Torn from an honour'd parent's tender love,
And driv'n, the keeneſt ſtorms of fate to bear;
Ah! but forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns too ſure, would break my ſinking heart.

Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly ſtate,
Yet grateful mem'ry ſtill ſhall linger here,
And when, perhaps, you're muſing o'er my fate,
You ſtill may greet me with a tender tear;
Ah! then forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too ſure, would break my ſinking heart.

SONG.

WE SHALL LIVE TOGETHER.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, *at* Vauxhall.

KIRKALDY is a bonny place,
And Jemmy lives beſide it;
'Twas there we ſaw each others face,
Whatever may betide it:

But

But be it ill, or be it not,
I dinna care a feather;
For ſoon at kirk we'll tie the knot,
And we ſhall live together.
O we ſhall live together laddy,
We ſhall live together.

My mither raves from morn to night,
And ſays I muſt grow older;
Yet ſhe is ſeldom in the right,
As father's often told her:
So let her ſcold, and let her frown,
I dinna care a feather;
The parſon will be ſoon in town,
And we ſhall live together.
O we ſhall live, &c.

My mither vows it ſhanna be,
When father is not near her;
But ſince we've made a friend of he,
I dinna muckle fear her:
For be ſhe right, or be ſhe wrong,
I dinna care a feather;
Since we're to marry ere its long,
Then we ſhall live together.
O we ſhall live, &c.

SONG.

TWO BUNCHES A PENNY, PRIMROSES.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin, *at* Vauxhall.

WHEN nature firſt ſalutes the ſpring,
And fields all green appear,
The feather'd tribe their mattins ſing,
And hail the verdant year.
But tho' the country boaſts of ſweets,
Unknown to thoſe in town,
How ſweet to hear in London ſtreets,
What's cry'd both up and down.
Two bunches a penny, Primroſes,
Two bunches a penny.

Stern winter may enrobe with ſnow,
Each valley, dale, and hill;
Throughout the world bid tempeſts blow,
And freeze the bubbling rill:
Yet ſpring will come, with ſmiling face,
And ſpread each joy around;
Give freedom to the wat'ry race,
And wake the pleaſing ſound.
Two bunches, &c.

Thus winter muſt to ſpring give way,
As ſeaſons roll along;
The thorn-bud bloſſom with the may,
The lark reſume his ſong:

And

And tho' the country boaſts of ſweets,
Unknown to thoſe in town,
How ſweet to hear in London ſtreets,
What's cried both up and down.
Two bunches, &c.

SONG.

SWEET PATTY.

Sung by Mr. Clifford, *at* Vauxhall.

WHEN Patty wanders far away,
And leaves her ſwain to grieve,
With ſighs I meaſure out the day,
'Till ſhe returns at eve:
The ſtudied frown I oft invent,
To chide her when we meet;
But love averts the wiſh'd intent,
And burns with fiercer heat.
For Patty, ſweet Patty.

When bidden to forget the maid,
I promiſe to comply;
And yet the vows one minute made,
The very next deny:
In ev'ry dream I view her face;
In ev'ry thought her charms;
Ye Gods let truth of doubt take place,
And bleſs my longing arms,
With Patty, ſweet Patty.

She's

She's gentle as the tender dove,
And like its nature kind:
And though her beauties caught my love,
'Twas conquer'd by her mind:
For every charm is center'd there;
My Patty is too true—
And by each guardian angel ſwear,
I live for only you;
My Patty, ſweet Patty.

SONG.

NEVER SAY NO WHEN YOU WISH TO SAY YES.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin, *at* Vauxhall.

I CANNT help thinking I've oft' been to blame,
When my tongue gave my wiſhes, too frequent the lie,
And yet it's ſurpriſing I ſtill do the ſame,
Was ever poor maid half ſo ſimple as I.
Young Harry has told me,—too confident youth,
When I banter'd his paſſion and took it amiſs;
Indeed my dear girl you do not ſpeak the truth,
O never ſay no, when you wiſh to ſay yes.

When laſt at the fair, he would purchaſe a ring,
And vow'd as a fairing he'd give it to me;
I frown'd and rejected the glittering thing,
And vow'd all my life to live happy and free;

'Tis

'Tis no ſuch a thing, pretty maiden, he cry'd;
No no, my ſweet love, it is not, by this kiſs,
You muſt, and you ſhall, nay, you will be a bride;
Come, never ſay no, when you wiſh to ſay yes.

I've thought ever ſince, what he ſaid was too true;
And ſwear the next time he's preſſing and kind,
I'll e'en to the parſon, without more to do,
And take the dear youth, while he's in the mind.
And this I'll adviſe all the ſex, to be plain,
Nor trifle too long with a permanent bliſs;
When a ſwain loves with honour return it again,
Nor never ſay no, when you ought to ſay yes.

SONG.

YARROW VALE.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, *at* Vauxhall.

IN Yarrow vale, by Yarrow ſtream,
Where love, and youth, and beauty ſtray,
Oft thro' the twilight's waving gleam,
Sweet Mary trac'd the dewy way.
She lov'd the meads, the tow'ring trees,
The fanning of the weſtern gale,
Yet ſigh'd for ſomething ſtill to pleaſe,
By Yarrow ſtream, in Yarrow vale.

In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow ſtream,
Sweet pleaſure reigns, ſhe penſive ſaid;
Here ſhades indulge the ſhepherd's dream,
And zephyrs ſoothe the ſlumb'ring maid:

While I in languor muſing move,
  Liſt'ning the lonely wood-larks wail;
As thro' the woods unheeded rove,
  By Yarrow ſtream, in Yarrow vale.

In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow ſtream,
  Nature, his friend,—his guardian, Love:
Sandy, beneath the moon's ſoft beam,
  Had follow'd Mary thro' the grove;
He look'd, ſhe bluſh'd, he ſpoke, ſhe ſigh'd;
  Bleſt hour, to tell a tender tale;
Next morning ſaw the nymph a bride,
  By Yarrow ſtream, in Yarrow vale.

SONG.

YEO, YEO.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan *in the* Spoil'd Child.

I AM a briſk and ſprightly lad,
  But juſt come home from ſea, ſir,
Of all the lives I ever led,
  A ſailor's life for me, ſir.
Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
  Whilſt the boatſwain pipes all hands,
With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, ſir.

What girl but loves the merry tar,
  We o'er the ocean roam, ſir,
In ev'ry clime we find a port,
  In ev'ry port a home, ſir.
    Yeo, yeo, &c.

But

But when our country's foes are nigh,
Each haſtens to his gun, ſir;
We make the boaſting Frenchmen fly,
And hang the haughty Don, ſir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes ſubdu'd, once more on ſhore,
We ſpend our caſh with glee, ſir,
And when all's gone, we drown our care,
And out again to ſea, ſir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

SONG.

WINE IS THE CORDIAL.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick, *at* Vauxhall.

WINE, wine, is the cordial that conquers deſpair;
Pining ſorrow it puts to the flight;
Makes the dull ſordid miſer forget all his care,
And own drinking the ſtream of delight.
Then let's be merry while we can,
Spite of Method's drowſy plan;
Our feſtive joys with glee impart,
And fill each tube that feeds the heart.

The glee-featur'd goddeſs, queen of beauty and mirth,
Finding mortals in love too ſupine,
Made the grape-growing god *preſidentum* on earth,
To inſpire us with juice of the vine.
Then let's be merry, &c.

Fam'd Apollo, the head of the medical clan,
Who in practice I own is divine,
Preſcribes for all ills, and to harmonize man,
The rich compound of muſic and wine.
Then let's be merry, &c.

To ſecure full delight, and my wiſhes complete,
No, not one of the three I'll reſign;
But take to my ſoul that bleſt union replete,
The dear charms of ſong, woman, and wine.
Then let's be merry, &c.

SONG.

'TIS NO FAULT OF MINE.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin, *at* Vauxhall.

YOUNG Damon has woo'd me a monſtrous long time,
I dare ſay 'tis a twelvemonth at leaſt;
But courtſhip's ſo pleaſant when youth's in its prime,
The date of it cannot be gueſs'd.
Oh! how I did laugh when I thought I cou'd vex,
Or cauſe him in anguiſh to pine;
Indeed 'tis the faſhion with all our kind ſex,
So you know it is no fault of mine.

The more conſtant he grew, the more flippant was I;
In his ſighs I enjoy'd freſh delight;
When he aſk'd for a kiſs, tho' I long'd to comply,
Yet I tortur'd myſelf, out of ſpite:

When

When he found me reſolv'd all his hopes to perplex,
He forſook me, and left me to pine;
Indeed 'tis the faſhion with that cruel ſex,
So you know it was no fault of mine.

How ſhort were the moments when Damon was near,
Now each minute's as long as a day;
And winter's dark mantle envelopes the year,
Tho' then ev'ry ſeaſon was May:
I'll ſeek the dear youth, and heal the keen ſmart,
Declare I to pity incline;
If then he refuſes my hand and my heart,
Why you know 'twill be no fault of mine.

SONG.

IN YONDER WILDS.

An Elegiac Canzonet.

IN yonder wilds, ah! let me ſtray
To ſeek ſome lonely vale;
There paſs my nights and days away,
And tell my hapleſs tale:
For Emma's gone, her ſoul's on high,
And I'm bereft of reſt;
Left here to mourn, and ſadly ſigh,
Yet hope in heav'n ſhe's bleſt.

SONG.

MY DEAR WILLY.

Sung by Miſs Milne, *at* Vauxhall.

WILLY woos me ſoon and late,
He's ever in my ſight;
He ſays I am his bonny Kate,
His love and heart's delight.
Ye laſſes tell me what to do,
Perhaps I may be ſilly,
But ſure its right to buckle too,
And marry my dear Willy.

The laddy loos no other maid,
I ken, than ſimple me;
He's gear in ſtore, and muckle trade,
And then how fond is he!
Ye laſſes tell me what to do,
Perhaps I may be ſilly,
But ſure its right to buckle too,
And marry my dear Willy.

My mither, and my father,—mind,
Have given their conſent;
And I am nearly half inclined,
But fear I may repent!
Ye laſſes tell me what to do,
Perhaps I may be ſilly,
But faith I think I'll buckle too,
And marry my dear Willy.

SONG.

FOR YOU MY LOVELY GIRL.

Sung by Mr. Clifford, *at* Vauxhall.

COME pretty Poll from tears refrain,
And deareſt maid believe;
It wrings my heart with cruel pain,
To ſee my charmer grieve:
Then dry thoſe eyes, and ere I go,
Each anxious fear diſpel;
And bold I'll meet my country's foes,
For you my lovely girl.

A ſailor ſcorns the name of ſlave,
And when he's call'd to war;
Will teach the foe what 'tis to brave,
A dauntleſs Britiſh tar:
Then bid, my life, thoſe ſighs adieu!
Thoſe lucid tears farewell!
I fly to conquer—love—for you;
For you my lovely girl.

The ſignal's fir'd!—I'm call'd away;
'Tis will'd that we muſt part:
But tho' forbid with thee to ſtay,
I bear thee in my heart!
Then let not Polly be concern'd,
For Hymen ſoon ſhall tell,
Thy ſailor's ſafe from war return'd,
For you my lovely girl!

SONG

SONG.

I THOUGHT IT WAS QUEER.

Sung by Miſs Newman, *at* Vauxhall.

AS I lean'd o'er a gate one Midſummer eve,
When the ſky in the brook look'd ſo clear,
Young Robin came ſlily and tugg'd at my ſleeve,
I could not help thinking it queer:
He patted my cheek, and he play'd with my hand,
And he gave ſuch a whimſical leer,
Then talk'd about things I could ſcarce underſtand,
That I could not help thinking him queer.

Now all on a ſudden he let his thoughts looſe,
And he aſk'd if to church I would ſteer;
I thought him a whimſical mad-headed gooſe,
For his talking of matters ſo queer:
I meant to have chid him for what he had ſaid,
When he whiſper'd ſo ſoft in my ear,
That if I had hurt him my heart would have bled,
For my heart it felt ſome how ſo queer.

How long have you lov'd me, pray Robin (ſaid I)?
When he anſwered—"a calendar year;"
I then was reſolv'd with his ſuit to comply,
Altho' it ſeem'd haſty and queer.
Folks thought it ſo odd, that an hour, or ſo,
Should have made me ſo ready appear,
But many a laſs who have anſwer'd with no,
Have died like old maidens ſo queer.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Wilſon, *in the Opera of* Juſt in Time.

WHEN on board our trim veſſel we joyouſly ſail'd,
While the glaſs circled round with full glee,
King and County—to give my old friend never fail'd,
And the toaſt was ſoon toſs'd off by me:
Billows might daſh,
Lightnings might flaſh,
'Twas the ſame to us both when at ſea.

If a too pow'rful foe in our track did but paſs,
We reſolv'd both to live and die free,
Quick we number'd her guns, and for each took a glaſs,
Then a broadſide we gave her with three:
Cannon might roar,
Echo'd from ſhore,
'Twas the ſame to us both when at ſea.

SONG.

EDWARD AND KITTY.

NED oft had brav'd the field of battle,
Had oft endur'd the hardeſt woe;
Had been where deep mouth'd cannons rattle,
And oft been captur'd by the foe:

His

His heart was kind—to fear a ſtranger—
The name of BRITON was his pride;
He nobly ſcorn'd to ſhrink from danger,
And on a bed of honour dy'd:
For, ſays Ned, whate'er befals,
A Briton ſcorns to flinch or whine;
He'll cheerful go where duty calls,
And brave all ills, but ne'er repine.

Ned lov'd ſincere his charming Kitty,
She ſaw with tears her ſoldier go;
She pray'd kind Heav'n to lend her pity,
And ſhield her Edward from the foe:
My love, he cry'd, thy grief give over,
Thoſe tears diſgrace a ſoldier's bride;
But hapleſs Kitty loſt her lover,
Who on a bed of honour died.
For, ſays Ned, &c.

SONG.

THE AFFECTIONATE SOLDIER.

'TWAS in the ev'ning of a wint'ry day,
When ſafe returning from a long campaign,
Allen, o'ertoil'd and weary with the way,
Came home to ſee his Sally once again.

His batter'd arms he careleſsly threw down,
And view'd his Sally with enraptur'd eyes;
But ſhe receiv'd him with a modeſt frown—
She knew not Allen in his rough diſguiſe.

His

His hair was knotted, and his beard unſhorn,
His tatter'd 'coutrements about him hung;
A tear of pleaſure did his cheeks adorn,
And bleſſings fell in torrents from his tongue.

Am I ſo alter'd by this cruel trade,
That you your faithful Allen have forgot;
Or has your heart to ſome other ſtray'd?
Ah! why did I eſcape the murd'ring ſhot?

When this he ſpake, her wonted colour fled,
She ran and ſunk upon her Allen's breaſt;
All pale awhile, ſhe look'd like one that's dead,
He kiſs'd, ſhe breath'd, and all her love confeſs'd.

Yes, my delight, though alter'd as thou art,
Reduced by honeſt courage to this ſtrait;
Thou art the golden treaſure of my heart,
My long loſt huſband, and my wiſh'd for mate.

SONG.

GREAT BRITAIN IS THE NOBLEST LAND.

Sung in the Picture of Paris.

GREAT BRITAIN is the nobleſt land
That e'er the world could boaſt,
Where freedom regulates command,
And her we love the moſt:
The King, the Nation, and the Law,
We're happy to obey;
Then vive le Loi, vive le Roi,
And vive la Liberté.

The

The birds unſhackled rove the air,
And fiſhes ſwim the ſea;
No fetters e'er could Britons bear,
Then why, my boys, ſhould we.
The King, &c.

Tho' all the baſe in arms ſhould riſe,
To rob us of the good;
Yet ev'ry effort we'd deſpiſe,
Their rage ſhould be withſtood.
The King, &c.

SONG.

SWEET GIRL CAN YOU LOVE ME.

Sung by Mr. Darley, *at* Vauxhall.

DEAR Nancy I've ſail'd the world all around,
And ſeven long years been a rover,
To make for my charmer each ſhilling a pound,
But now my hard perils are over.
I've ſav'd from my toils many hundreds in gold,
The comforts of life to beget,
Have borne in each climate the heat and the cold,
And all for my pretty Brunette.
Then ſay, my ſweet girl, can you love me.

Tho' others may boaſt of more riches than mine,
And rate my attractions e'en fewer;
At their jeers and ill-nature I'll ſcorn to repine,
Can they boaſt of a heart that is truer!

Or,

Or, will they for thee, plough the hazardous main,
Brave the ſeaſons both ſtormy and wet;
If not, why I'll do it again and again,
And all for my pretty Brunette.
Then ſay, my ſweet girl, &c.

When order'd afar, in purſuit of the foe,
I ſigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
Which fain would perſuade me, I might be laid low,
And, ah! never more ſee my Nancy;
But hope, like an angel, ſoon baniſh'd the thought,
And bade me ſuch nonſenſe forget:
I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
And all for my pretty Brunette.
Then ſay my ſweet girl, &c.

SONG.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

NOW, while above that range of hills
The morn a bright'ning gleam diſtils,
I ſeize the gun, and call around
The eager pointers—juſt unbound—
Swift—for a time—they waſh away,
Too wild—too high of ſpirit to obey.

At length the whiſtle's note they hear,
Look round—and turn from their career;

The ſtubble quarter nicely o'er,
And every ſheltering nook explore.
See Carlo—ſudden—checks his ſpeed!
Toho! there lie the birds! Pero—take heed!

How well they back! how fine they point!
The head turn'd ſhort, and fixt each joint,
I'll take the birds upon this ſide—
The covey riſes!—ſcatt'ring wide.
Dead! ſee the feathers to the right!
Mark—Mark—Mark—Among the beans three brace alight.

Carlo—watch—charge! keep in, Old Don!
When loaded—ho—good dogs—hey on!
Thus range we, till the ſun gets high,
And on the ground no ſcent will lie;
Then take thro' woods our homeward way,
And o'er good cheer boaſt how paſs'd the day.

SONG.

THE BIRDS.

Sung by Miſs Dall, *in the Opera of* Juſt in Time.

BEHOLD, deny'd their airy flight,
The tenants of the gaudy cage,
No more their warblings breathe delight,
Thoſe notes are chang'd to ſtrains of rage.

And

And ſhould, perchance, in happy hour,
Some friendly hand leave ope' the door,
Eager they fly the bonds of pow'r,
And gladly part to meet no more.

Not ſo the bird whoſe choice is free,
In jocund ſpring he joins his mate;
Gaily they range from to tree,
Their little breaſts with joy elate.

And if ſome ruder breeze ſhould blow,
Or chilling rain diſturb their reſt;
Fondly they ſhare each others woe,
As deſtin'd partners of one neſt.

SONG.

THE WRITING HERO.

Sung in the ſame, by Mr. Quick.

THE heroes ſtout, who danger ſcorn,
May boaſt their arms and tented field;
Let noiſy fame their brows adorn,
So I the plumed pen can wield:
Smooth inditing,
Flaſhy writing,
Give more pleaſure ſure than fighting.

In days of yore, fam'd Troy and Greece,
For Helen's charms contended long.
Yet all their feats had ſlept in peace,
But for old father Homer's ſong.
Smooth inditing, &c.

SONG.

THE MERRY MAN.

Sung in the ſame, by Mr. Munden.

AIR.

THE merry man,
Who loves his can,
Laughs and jokes,
Chats and ſmoaks,
Nor dreams of noiſe and ſtate;
Enjoys the hour,
That's in his pow'r,
Tells a tale,
Quaffs his ale,
Nor fears the frowns of fate.

CHORUS.

Here, with liberty bleſs'd, brighteſt gem of our iſle,
United with plenty and health;
At the reſtleſs ambition of grandeur we ſmile,
Content without title or wealth.

When the dawn firſt appears, and the lark tunes her lay,
We riſe to ſweet ſcenes of delight;
Mirth pleaſantly ſoftens the toils of the day,
And with paſtime we welcome the night.

SONG.

INTEREST SWAYS MANKIND.

Sung by Mr. Munden, *in the ſame.*

EXAMINE the world with attention, you'll find
'Tis intereſt that ſways ev'ry claſs of mankind,
From the high to the low,
Is it not ſo?
Say aye or no!

You doubt it; I'll give you a ſtriking example,
Then judge of the others by this ſingle ſample,
And the truth you'll ſoon know.
Shall I do ſo?
Say aye or no!

Sage Phyſic and Law, don't we every day ſee,
Will adviſe and preſcribe—but firſt pocket the fee—
With pleaſure I trow;
Is it not ſo?
Your aye or no!

So in humbler degrees too my maxim will hold,
Where the main ſpring's ſelf-intereſt,—the object is gold;
This we all of us know;
Is it not ſo?
Say aye or no!

SONG.

THE FAIR.

Sung by Mr. Johnſtone, *in the ſame.*

WHEN the lads and the laſſes are met on the green,
At ſweet Ballinaſloe, or the fair of Clogheen;
With their cheeks red as roſes, and eyes black as ſloes,
See the girls friſk and foot it as merry as does.
All the day, piper play,
Cries Goſloon, t'other tune;
While young Darby and Juddy are footing ſo tight,
The poor piper keeps puffing from morning till night.

Juddy's bonnet of ſtraw wears the token of love,
Which Paddy had bought her, his paſſion to prove;
Fine ribbands and roſes, to deck out her hair,
And the neateſt ſtuff gown to be had in the fair.
Sweet Spoleen on the green,
When they dine, whiſky fine;
The piper ſtill playing, the prieſt he ſays grace,
And content, love, and jollity ſmile in each face.

Now the fair being done, home they jog ſide by ſide,
Every lad with the creature he means for his bride;
The next morn Father Fogarty call'd with his book,
Nine or ten jolly couples together to hook.
Coupling, buckling,
Pipering, fidling;
Father Fogarty, piper, and all join the rout,
And the new married couples fall jigging about.

SONG

SONG.

Sung by Mrs. Blanchard, *in the ſame.*

THY freedom loſt, no more, ſweet bird,
In plaintive muſic rue;
For, ah! the wretch who thee betray'd
Enſnar'd thy miſtreſs too!
Thus ambuſh'd in the wily brake,
The baneful ſerpent lies;
And while the nymph its beauty views,
She feels the ſting, and dies.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, *in the ſame.*

THE mind oppreſs'd—by ſleep may hope
To ſooth corroding grief;
What hope, alas! if wayward love,
Denies its kind relief?
Riſe then, my fair—thy ſlumbers ceaſe,
And bleſs thy faithful ſwain;
Whoſe boſom only beats for thee,
Thy abſence all his pain.
The mimic death, oh! quick forſake,
Awake, my love—my love awake!

SONG.

NOTHING BUT DRUNK.

Written, compoſed, and ſung by Mr. Dibdin.

MANKIND all get drunk, ay and womankind too,
As by proof I ſhall preſently ſhew you:—
See that upſtart, to power who unworthily grew,
With good fortune ſo drunk he don't know you.
Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
And pow'r as completely can make a man drunk
As claret, or ſack, or canary.

Why reels that poor wretch? Why his eyes does he roll?
Why mutter and ſtorm in that faſhion?
What wine has he drank? How oft emptied the bowl?
Not at all, ſir—the man's in a paſſion.
Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
And paſſion as eaſy can make mortals drunk
As claret, or ſack, or canary.

See that whimſical creature, now cry, and now laugh,
Now rave, and now ſtorm, and now fidget!
He's not drunk, ſir, for all he's ſo like a great calf,
'Tis jealouſy makes him an idiot.

Then

Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
And love as completely can make a man drunk
As claret, or ſack, or canary.

See thoſe beautiful creatures like angels come on,
Form'd us fellows to keep to our tether,
Say, 'ent it a pity they all are half gone?
Not with wine, but a cap and a feather!
Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
And faſhion as eaſy can make ladies drunk
As claret, or ſack, or canary.

Thus paſſion, or power, or whim, or caprice,
Poor mortals can make non ſe ipſe;
We ſwill like a ſpunge, or a mayor at a feaſt,
The men drunk, and the ladies all tipſy.
Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
And folly as eaſy can make mortals drunk
As claret, or ſack, or canary.

SONG.

THE CAPTIVE KING.

Sung by Mr. Incledon. *The Words by* Dr. Wolcot.

DEAD is the dream of life that calm'd my care,
And dimm'd the beam of hope that charm'd deſpair!
Yet let my ſoul be firm,—paſs one ſhort hour,
And Louis ſcorns the arm of ruffian pow'r!

SONG.

Adieu, thou partner of my woes,
Where ſpectred ſilence reigns around;
And nought awakes the dread repoſe,
But moans that deep with horror ſound.

Forbear, my love, theſe drops to ſhed,
And joy to think my woes ſhall ceaſe;
Lo! when the Vale of Death I tread,
I wander from the ſtorm to Peace!

Ye too, my idol babes, farewell!—
Like me, thoſe tender forms may bleed;
The gloomy crimes of murder ſwell,
While Nature ſhudders at the deed.

Yet know, we only fall to riſe,
And ſtart to glory from the duſt;
To claim alliance with the ſkies,
The ſacred refuge from th' unjuſt!

My

My ſpirit, lo! for your's ſhall wait;
Together we ſhall ſeek that ſhore,
Where Sorrow dies, and ruthleſs Fate
Can give the parting pang no more!

CHORUS.

Go, injur'd King, with Seraphs ſhine,
Behold, a brighter crown is thine!
And ſee appear, with glad'ned eyes,
A hoſt to hail thee 'midſt the ſkies!

SONG.

CAPTIVITY.

A ſerious Air, ſung by Mrs. Crouch, *in* Alexander's Feaſt, *ſuppoſed to be ſung by the late unfortunate* Marie Antoinette, *Queen of* France, *during her Confinement in the Tower of the Temple.*

SEE Auſtria's daughter, Gallia's Queen,
With haggard face and alter'd mien,
A captive wretch! unknown, unſeen,
Amid this ſad captivity.

My foes prevail! my friends are fled!
Theſe ſuppliant hands to Heav'n I ſpread—
Heav'n guard my unprotected head,
Amid this ſad captivity.

When

When, as my babes lie huſh'd in ſleep,
Their couch in briny tears I ſteep;
Hang o'er their lovely forms, and weep,
Amid this ſad captivity.

Victim of anguiſh and deſpair!
How grief has chang'd my flowing hair *!
How wan my waſted cheek with care!
Amid this ſad captivity.

Now fancy paints my murder'd Lord!
I ſee th' aſſaſſin's blood-ſtain'd ſword!
The lifeleſs trunk!—the boſom gor'd!
Amid this ſad captivity.

To thee, O King of Kings! I cry;
To thee I raiſe the ſtreaming eye!
And heave the penitential ſigh!
Amid this ſad captivity.

SONG.

EDINBOROUGH TOWN.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin, *at* Vauxhall.

'TWAS in Edinborough town I met wi a lad,
And they call'd him winſome Johnny O;
And he vow'd he'd give me a braw new plaid,
For a kiſs of my mou, ſae bonny O;
My pretty little mou, ſae bonny O.

---

* The beautiful hair of this diſconſolate Princeſs is ſaid to have changed its colour, on the third night of her impriſonment in the Temple.

No

No,—in Edinborough town, my winſome lad,
You ſhanna, ſays I, dear Johnny O;
Nor I will not take your braw new plaid
For a kiſs of my mou, ſae bonny O,
My pretty little mou, ſae bonny O.

Then to Edinborough kirk he preſs'd me to go,
Yes,—the wily, winſome Johnny O;
And faith I could not anſwer him—No,
For he kiſs'd my mou, ſae bonny O,
My pretty little mou, ſae bonny O.

SONG.

THE SOLDIER.

Sung by Mr. Darley, *at* Vauxhall.

WE ſoldiers drink, we ſoldiers ſing,
We fight our foes, and love our king,
Are ever briſk and jolly;
We know no care,
In peace or war;
We aſk no wealth,
But fame and health,
A knapſack, and a Dolly.

When Mirth invites, we ſeldom think;
When Honour calls, we never ſhrink;
But, ſcorning melancholy,
Alert and gay
We march away,
To foreign parts,
With chearful hearts,
A knapſack and a Dolly.

If doom'd to fall, the good and brave
Will dew with tears their ſoldiers grave,
Thus ſadneſs is a folly:
His dauntleſs ſword
Fame will record,
His comrade dear
Will prize and chear
His knapſack and his Dolly.

Then come, my noble heroes, come,
With ſprightly fife and echoing drum,
With minds elate and jolly;
Let's take the field,
Nor ever yield,
To Fortune's frowns,
'Till conqueſt crowns
Our knapſack and our Dolly.

SONG.

HEAVING THE LEAD.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, *in* Hartford Bridge.

FOR England, when with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ſhip up Channel ſteer'd,
And ſcudding under eaſy ſail,
The high blue weſtern land appear'd,
To heave the lead the ſeaman ſprung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung,
By the deep—Nine.

And

And bearing up, to gain the port,
Some well known object kept in view,
An abbey tow'r, an harbour fort,
Or beacon, to the veſſel true;
While oft the lead the ſeaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung,
By the mark—Seven.

And, as the much lov'd ſhore we near,
With tranſport we beheld the roof
Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchleſs proof:
The lead once more the ſeaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot ſung,
Quarter leſs—Five.

SONG.

THE HAPPY MILK-MAID.

Sung by Mrs. Vint, *at* Vauxhall.

THO' neither in ſilks nor in ſatins I'm ſeen,
My garb, if but homely, is wholeſome and clean,
An apron of blue, with a plain ruſſet gown,
And a ſpotted ſilk handkerchief, all are my own,
For which, with the fruits of my labour I pay,
And that is much more than my betters can ſay:
Still wand'ring at morn and at eve to and fro,
With Milk, Pretty Maids—any Milk below!

Tell me not of bondage, 'tis all a mere joke,
I'm never more happy than under a yoke,
In which I as fairly can manage my pails,
As e'er Madam Juſtice could balance her ſcales;
Go things how they will, I've the proverb in view,
In dealing with all—give the Devil his due,
And, blythe as a lark, as I trudge to and fro,
Keep ſtill crying—Milk—any Milk below!

The Stateſman, the Doctor, the Lawyer in ſilk,
The Biſhop in lawn—are but dealers in milk;
While one milks his patient, and drains him of health,
Another his client can milk of his wealth;
While one hath the National Dairy at call,
The Church t'other milks, without preaching at all.
Thro' life then I'll merrily trudge to and fro,
And ſtill cry my Milk—any Milk below!

SONG.

THE HERO's TRUE GLORY's TO SPARE.

Written, compoſed, and ſung by Mr. Dibdin.

WHEN laſt in the Dreadful your honour ſet ſail,
On Newfoundland banks there came on a hard gale,
Of black thunder, red lightning, and cold whiſtling hail,
Enough the old gemmen to ſcare;

One

One who threaten'd your life, dash'd from high by a wave,
Your own hands I saw snatch from a watry grave,
And you cry'd, 'twas well done, for that still with the brave
The noblest of glory's to spare.

When yard-arm and yard-arm long side of a foe,
When the blood from the scuppers rain'd on us below,
When crippled enough to be taken in tow,
To strike we saw Monsieur prepare;
If a broadside below, or a volley above,
The men were all ready to give her for love,
How oft has your honour cry'd—not a hand move,
A hero's true glory's to spare.

SONG.

THE LULLABY.

Sung by Signora Storace, *in the* Pirates.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh;
The winds and waves, in gentle motion,
Soothes them with its lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they descry;
The guileless heart its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.

SONG.

NONE SO PRETTY.

Written, compoſed, and ſung by Mr. Dibdin.

THIS life is like a country dance,
The world a ſpacious ball-room,
In which ſo many take a prance,
They ſcarcely find for all room;
Fidlers and pipers in a row,
See how the ranks are cloſing,
Each ſtrives his neighbour's faults to ſhew,
While he his own's expoſing.

Pray, Ma'am, what dance have you call'd? Matrimony, Ma'am. The figure is extremely eaſy; you turn ſingle, run away with your partner, lead up the middle, back to back, part and change partners.

Thus buſied in the fond turmoil,
They time by folly meaſure,
Turn all their pleaſure into toil,
And fancy toil a pleaſure.

Some in full dance with ardour burn,
And ſwim, and glide, and wander,
While others, waiting for their turn,
Sneer, ſmile, and deal out ſlander:
"And ſo the count muſt run away?"—
"Why really I'm afraid ſo;
"His flirt has ruin'd him at play"——
"Poor man I always ſaid ſo."

"Oh! no doubt about it:—kept by a phyſician before ſhe came to the count!—duel with a young apothecary:—ſyringes loaded with analeptic pills:—'Tis your turn to begin Sir:—Sir I beg your pardon."

Thus buſied in the fond turmoil, &c.

Away

Away they prance it, ſmall and big,
Brown, ginger, fair, and grizzle;
" Lord, Ma'am, you diſconcert my wig"—
" 'Twas you, Sir, touz'd my friſzle!"
" Right hand and left, the figure mind;
" Lord, what are you about, Ma'am?
" My dear, Miſs Giggle, you are blind,
" My Lady Fuzz, your out, Ma'am.

" Lord, Ma'am, you ſhould conſider that the dance is *My Lord Mayor's Feaſt*:—it begins with a ſet to, and finiſhes with a reel."

Thus buſied in the fond turmoil, &c.

Thus dance ſucceeding after dance,
As if Old Nick had got 'em,
They ſcandal vent, and flirt, and prance,
And foot it to the bottom:
Thus having made for others ſport,
In regular rotation,
With ſwinging int'reſt they retort
On them the obligation.——

" Lord, did you ever ſee ſuch a fright as that woman!—rubbed it all off one ſide of her face!—But look at that man with his falſe calves turned before!—Come, come, ladies and gentlemen, a new dance—Strike up—*None ſo pretty*."

Thus buſied in the fond turmoil, &c.

SONG

SONG.

THE CHAPTER OF KINGS.

Written and Sung, with univerſal Applauſe, by Mr. Collins.

THE Romans in England they once did ſway,
And the Saxons they after them led the way,
And they tugg'd with the Danes, till an overthrow
They both of them got, by the Norman bow.
Yet, barring all pother,
The one and the other
Were all of them kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign,
But Billy his ſon by an arrow was ſlain;
And Harry the Firſt was a ſcholar bright,
But Stephy was forc'd for his crown to fight.
Yet, barring, &c.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name did bear,
And Cœur de Lion was his ſon and heir;
But Magna Charta we gain'd from John,
Which Harry the Third put his ſeal upon.
Yet, barring, &c.

There was Teddy the Firſt, like a tyger bold,
But the Second by rebels was bought and ſold;
And Teddy the Third was his ſubject's pride,
Though his grandſon, Dicky, was popp'd aſide.
Yet, barring, &c.

There was Harry the Fourth, a warlike wight,
And Harry the Fifth, like a cock would fight;

Though

Though Henny his ſon like a chick did pout,
When Teddy his couſin had kick'd him out.
Yet, barring, &c.

Poor Teddy the Fifth he was kill'd in bed,
By butchering Dick who was knock'd on head;
Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,
And Harry the Eighth was as fat as a pig.
Yet, barring, &c.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,
Though Mary made fire and faggots blaze;
But good Queen Beſs was a glorious dame,
And bonny King Jemmy from Scotland came.
Yet, barring, &c.

Poor Charley the Firſt was a martyr made,
But Charley his ſon was a comical blade;
And Jemmy the Second, when hotly ſpurr'd,
Run away, do you ſee me, from Willy the Third.
Yet, barring, &c.

Queen Anne was victorious by land and ſea,
And Georgey the Firſt did with glory ſway;
And as Georgey the Second has long been dead,
Long life to the Georgey we have in his ſtead.
And may his ſons ſons,
To the end of the chapter,
All come to be kings in their turns.

SONG.

THE FAIR.

Written, compoſed, and ſung by Mr. Dibdin.

WOULD ye ſee the world in little,
Ye curious, here repair,
We'll ſuit you to a tittle,
At this our ruſtic fair;
We've glitt'ring baits to catch you,
As tempting as at court,
With whim for whim we'll match ye,
And give you ſport for ſport;
From a ſceptre to a rattle,
We've ev'ry thing in toys,
From infants that ſcarcely prattle,
To men who ſtill are boys;
Cock horſes and ſtate coaches,
In gingerbread are ſold,
Cakes parliament, gilt watches,
And horns, all tipt with gold;
Then, if for fine parade you go,
Come here and ſee our puppet ſhow.

Walk in here, ladies and gentlemen, here you ſee the Queen of Sheba, and King Solomon in all his glory,—you think that figure's alive, but he's no more alive than I am.

While the pipes and the tabors rend the air,
Haſte, neighbours, to the fair.

What's your ſweepſtakes, and your races,
And all your fighting cocks,
To our horſe-collar grimaces,
And girls that run for ſmocks;

Our

Our hobs can ſwivle noſes,
At ſingle-ſtick who fight,
As well as your Mendozas,
Though not quite ſo polite;
In their deceptions neater,
Are you keen rooks allow'd,
Than is yonder fire-eater,
Who queers the gaping croud!
Then boaſt not tricks ſo noxious,
That genteel life beſpeaks,
Our jugglers, hixious doxious,
Shall diſtance all the Greeks;
Can Pharaoh and his hoſt be found
To match our nimble merry-go round!

Put in here, put in, put in, every blank a prize, down with it, and double it, twenty can play as well as one.

While the pipes, &c.

Here, yon mountebank aſſures ye,
Of diſeaſes by the ſcore,
A ſingle doſe ſhall cure ye,
Can Warwick-lane do more?
Wid virligigs te-totems,
Yon Jew's impoſhing faiſh,
Shall cheat you here in no times,
All one as in Duke's-Place.
Hark, yonder, making merry,
Full many a happy clown,
For champaign who drink perry,
As good as that in town.
Then for ſights, we've apes and monkies,
Some on four legs, ſome on two,
Tall women, dwarfs, cropt donkies,
For all the world like you;
Then would ye Ranelagh find out,
What think ye of our round-a-bout?

Walk

Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, the only booth in the fair; here you may make the whole tour of the world; would you ride in the caravan, the expedition, the land frigate, or the dilly, fourteen miles in fifteen hours, ladies and gentlemen.

While the pipes and the tabors rend the air,
Haſte, neighbours, to the fair.

SONG.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

Sung by Mr. Darley, *at* Vauxhall.

BY the ſide of a mountain, o'erſhadow'd with trees,
With thick cluſters of vine intermingled and wove,
I behold my thatch'd cottage, dear manſion of eaſe,
The ſeat of contentment, of friendſhip, and love.
Each morn, when I open the latch of my door,
My heart throbs with rapture to hear the birds ſing,
And at night, when the dance in the village is o'er,
On my pillow I ſtrew the freſh roſes of ſpring.

When I hide in the foreſt from noon's ſcorching ray,
While the torrent's deep murmurs re-echoing ſound,
When the herds quit their paſture to quaff the clear ſtream,
And the flocks in the vale lie extended around;
I muſe, but my thoughts are contented and free,
I regret not the ſplendour of riches and pride;
The delights of retirement are dearer to me
Than the proudeſt appendage to greatneſs allied.

I ſing,

I ſing, and my ſong is the carrol of joy,
My cheek glows with health, like the wild roſe in bloom,
I dance, yet forget not, tho' blithſome and gay,
That I meaſure the footſteps that lead to the tomb;
Contented to live, yet not fearful to die,
With a conſcience unſpotted, I paſs thro' life's ſcene,
On the wings of delight ev'ry moment ſhall fly,
And the end of my days be reſign'd and ſerene.

SONG.

NEIGHBOUR SLY.

Written, compoſed, and ſung by Mr. Dibdin.

THE paſſing bell was heard to toll,
John wail'd his loſs with bitter cries,
The parſon pray'd for Mary's ſoul,
The ſexton hid her from all eyes:
"And art thou gone,"—
Cry'd wretched John,
"Oh dear, 'twill kill me, I am dying!"
Cry'd Neighbour Sly,
While ſtanding by,
"Lord, how this world is given to lying."

The throng retir'd, John left alone,
He meditated 'mongſt the tombs,
And ſpelt out on the mould'ring ſtone
What friends were gone to their long homes:—

" Your gone before,"—
Cry'd John no more,
" I ſhall come ſoon, I'm almoſt dying;"
Cry'd Neighbour Sly,
Still ſtanding by, &c.

Here lies the bones—Heav'n's will be done—
Of farmer Slug;—reader would'ſt know
Who to his mem'ry rais'd this ſtone,
'Twas his diſconſolate widow:
Cry'd John, " Oh ho,
" To her I'll go,
" No doubt with grief the widow's dying."
Cry'd Neighbour Sly, &c.

Their mutual grief was ſhort and ſweet,
Scarcely the paſſing bell had ceas'd
When they were wed—the funeral meat
Was warm'd up for the marriage feaſt.
They vow'd and ſwore,
Now o'er and o'er,
They ne'er would part till both were dying;
Cry'd Neighbour Sly, &c.

Again to hear the paſſing bell
John now a ſort of hank'ring feels,
Again his help mate brags how well
She can trip up a huſband's heels;
Again to th' tomb
Each long to come,
Again with tears and ſobs and ſighing;
For Neighbour Sly
Again to cry,
" Lord, how this world is given to lying."

SONG

SONG.

JACK IN HIS ELEMENT.

Written, compoſed, and ſung by Mr. Dibdin.

BOLD Jack, the ſailor, here I come,
Pray how do ye like my nib,
My trowſers wide, my trampers rum,
My nab, and flowing jib;
I ſails the ſeas from end to end,
And leads a joyous life,
In every meſs I finds a friend,
In every port a wife.

I've heard them talk of conſtancy,
Of grief, and ſuch like fun,
I've conſtant been to ten, cry'd I,
But never griev'd for one:
The flowing ſails we tars unbend,
To lead a jovial life,
In every meſs to find a friend
In every port a wife.

I've a ſpanking wife at Portſmouth gates,
A pigmy at Goree,
An orange-tawny up the Straits,
A black at St. Lucie:
Thus whatſomedever courſe I bend,
I leads a jovial life,
In every meſs I finds a friend,
In every port a wife.

Will Gaft by death was ta'en aback,
I came to bring the news,
Poll whimper'd ſore,—but what did Jack?
Why, ſtood in William's ſhoes:
She cut, I chaſed, but in the end
She lov'd me as her life,
And ſo ſhe got an honeſt friend,
And I a loving wife.

Thus be we failors all the go,
On Fortune's ſea we rub,
We works, and loves, and fights the foe,
And drinks the generous bub:
Storms that the maſt to ſplinters rend,
Can't ſhake our jovial life,
In ev'ry meſs we finds a friend,
In ev'ry port a wife.

SONG.

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.

Sung by Mr. Johnſtone, *in the* Mountaineers.

AT ſixteen years old you could get litule good of me,
Then I ſaw Norah, who ſoon underſtood of me
I was in love, but myſelf, for the blood of me,
Could not tell what I did ail:
'Twas dear, dear, what can the matter be,
Och! blood and ouns, what can the matter be,
Och! Gramachree, what can the matter be,
Bother'd from head to the tail.

I went

I went to confeſs me to Father O'Flannagan,
Told him my caſe, made an end, then began again,
Father, ſays I, make me ſoon my own man again,
If you find out what I ail,
Dear, dear, ſays he, what can the matter be,
Och! blood an ouns, can't you tell what the matter be,
Both cried what can the matter be,
Bother'd from head to the tail.

Soon I fell ſick, I did bellow and curſe again,
Norah took pity, to ſee me at nurſe again,
Gave me a kiſs, Och! zounds, that threw me worſe again!
Well, ſhe knew what I did ail!
But dear, dear, ſays ſhe, what can the matter be!
Och! blood and ouns, my laſs, what can the matter be,
Both cried what can the matter be,
Bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now ſince I left Tipperary,
How ſtrange, growing older, our nature ſhould vary,
All ſymptoms are gone of my ancient quandary,
I cannot tell now what I ail,
Dear, dear, &c.

SONG.

THE MOORS RELEASE.

Sung by Mrs. Bland, *in the ſame.*

WHEN the hollow drum has beat to bed,
When the little Fifer hangs his head;—
Still and mute
The Mooriſh flute,
And nodding guards watch wearily;
Then will we,
From priſon free,
March out by moonlight cheerily.

When the Mooriſh cymbals claſh by day,
When the brazen trumpets ſhrilly bray,
The ſlave, in vain,
May then complain
Of tyranny and knavery.
Would he know
His time to go,
And ſlily ſlip from ſlavery;

'Tis when the hollow drum has beat to bed,
When the little Fifer hangs his head;
Still and mute
The Mooriſh flute,
And nodding guards watch wearily:
Oh then muſt he,
From priſon free,
March out by moonlight cheerily.

SONG.

THE WILLOW.

Compoſed by Mr. Chapman, *and ſung by* Miſs Wingfield.

YOU aſk why I murmur, and beat my ſad breaſt?
Ah! would that my ſorrows were only a dream!
My woes, gentle virgins, deprive me of reſt,
As I ſigh near the Willow that weeps o'er the ſtream.

How oft by that Willow, with Edward I rov'd,
As the wave's gentle ripple receiv'd the moonbeam!
'Twas firſt by that Willow, he told me he lov'd,
And its leaves all the while kiſs'd the cryſtalline ſtream.

On the day that poor Laura was borne to her grave,
My happineſs fled, like a tranſient dream:
Alas! on that day he was whelm'd in the wave,
But not near our Willow that mourns o'er the ſtream.

A more boiſt'rous wave rock'd my Edward to ſleep,
'Midſt thunders loud rattle and lightnings gleam,
And I, gentle maidens, for ever muſt weep
With the Willow that dips its ſad leaves in the ſtream:

See, my Willow is drooping! it fades as I ſigh!
The moon's paly light on its yellow leaves gleam:
Hark, they whiſper, "Prepare thee, loſt Lucy, to die,
"With thy Willow, that ſhadow'd its pair by the ſtream."

She ſpoke, and the virgins in ſorrow retir'd,
While pale o'er the earth darted Cynthia's beam;
But ere morning return'd, gentle Lucy expir'd,
By the ſide of her Willow that droop'd o'er the ſtream.

SONG.

ARIETTE.

Sung by Miſs Farren, *in* Falſe Colours.

SOFT muſic! let my humble lay
Thy ſweeteſt accents move,
While in deluſive hope I ſtray
To Julia and to love.

That when, to count the willing ſtrain,
She tunes her graceful art,
Each trembling tone may breathe again,
The ſigh that rends my heart.

And ſhould thy plaintive murmurs ſteal
A ſympathetic tear,
In fond emotion then reveal,
Antonio ſent thee here.

SONG.

NINETY-THREE.

Sung in the Hall of Auguſta, *at* Sadlers Wells.

TO the nations around her, while hiſtory tells
The deathful event of each wondering year,
On the annals of freedom with horror ſhe dwells
And records Ninety-three on her page with a tear.
May the freedom we boaſt be unſtain'd with a crime,
And may this be our ſong to the ending of time—
" God ſave great George our King," &c.

May the fair conſtitution our forefathers plann'd,
Which the genius of Freedom bade Engliſhmen guard,
Be maintain'd by your children, like you, hand in hand,
By Gallic intruders, nor mended, nor marr'd:
Should they dare to dictate honeſt Britons among,
Let the cliffs of old Albion re-echo this ſong—
" Britons ſtrike home," &c.

Bright Auguſta behold, with her wealth-cover'd ſhores,
Of England the glory, of Europe the pride,
From her lap fair abundance unceaſingly pours,
And old Thames too is proud as ſhe ſtands by his ſide:
For her ſake let him echo your favourite ſong,
And bear to old Ocean this burden along—
" Rule Britannia, Britannia rule," &c.

Let

Let true loyal hearts their beſt efforts prepare,
And a hundred years hence to the world they ſhall ſhew,
That our enemies caſtles are built in the air,
Whilſt the tow'r of our ſtrength is unſhaken below:
Thus firm to each other, and true to their king,
Shall Britons for ages exultingly ſing—

"Britons beſt bulwarks are their wooden walls."

SONG.

THE WAVING WILLOW.

Sung in the Midnight Wanderers.

'TWAS at the hour of day's decline,
When to the neighb'ring hills I went,
To tie up many a drooping vine,
By weight of purple cluſters bent:
That done—beneath a willow's ſhade,
Which o'er Beovia's river play'd,
I ſat and ſung to th' Waving Willow!

While there I muſ'd and watch'd the ſtream,
A boat approach'd with lazy oar:
Of Love—ah! little did I dream—
Till roguiſh Caſpar ſprung on ſhore;
A thouſand vows he made me hear,
And I believ'd them all ſincere,
While reſting near the Waving Willow.

From

From that time 'till I gave my hand,
He ne'er would let me be at reſt;
At maſs, he near me us'd to ſtand;
With me to dance he always preſs'd;
And let me hope he'll mind at laſt,
Nor force me to regret what paſs'd,
While reſting at the Waving Willow.

SONG.

ARISE AND LET US IN.

Sung by Mrs. Clendenning, *in the ſame.*

LONG ere the tints of roſy day
Fled from the Pyrænean ſteep,
A dreary waſte before us lay,
Wild torrents, and Baranecas * deep:

When roſe the moon her clouded beam,
A varying horror round us ſpread,
We heard afar the night-bird's ſcream,
And prowling wolves increas'd the dread.

At length a glimmer o'er us ſhot,
And lur'd us to approach this cot:
O! may our pray'rs your pity win!
Ariſe! ariſe! and let us in.

---

* The chaſms in the Pyrennees.

SONG

SONG.

THE SAILOR.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, *in the ſame.*

O You, whoſe lives on land are paſs'd,
And keep from dan'rous ſeas aloof;
Who careleſs liſten to the blaſt,
Or beating rains upon the roof;
You little heed how ſeamen fare,—
Condemn'd the angry ſtorm to bear.

Sometimes, while breakers vex the tide,
He takes his ſtation on the deck;
And now, lash'd o'er the veſſel's ſide,
He clears away the cumb'ring wreck:
Yet, while the billows o'er him foam,
The Ocean is his only home!

Still freſher blows the midnight gale!
"All hands—reef top-ſails," are the cries;
And, while clouds the Heavens do veil,
Aloft, to reef the ſail, he flies!
In ſtorms ſo rending, doom'd to roam,
The Ocean is the ſeaman's home!

SONG.

ENGLAND.

Sung in the Opera of The Armourer.

O England! O my native Isle!
Encircled by thy guardian Sea,
May Peace within thy borders smile,
And build her Halcyon nest with thee!

Mother of heroes, nurse of arts,
For thee I make my filial pray'r—
May courage fill thy Soldiers' hearts,
And chastity adorn thy Fair!

Firm and united thou may'st stand
Against a world in arms, alone,
Secure from ev'ry foreign hand,
Thou ne'er canst fall but by thine own.

SONG.

THE MISERIES OF WAR.

Written, composed, and sung by Mr. Dibdin.

WHAT art thou, fascinating war?
Thou trophied painted pest,
That thus men seek and they abhor,
Pursue and yet detest?

Are honour and remorſe the ſame,
  Does murder laurels bring,
Is rapine glory, carnage fame,
  Flies crime on victory's wing?
Their wrongs which never ſhall return,
Their woes that but ſurvive to mourn,
E'en when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
  And the trumpets ſtrike the ear,
Shall, from the braveſt, wreſt a ſigh,
  That ſtarts ſoft pity's tear.

Where will ambition's folly reach?
  Sure Nature ne'er deſign'd
Her noble gifts, an art ſhould teach
  To man to thin his kind;
Well they deſerve their country's care,
  In its defence who fight,
Who bulwarks of their nation are,
  Its glory, its delight;
Yet for their wrongs who ne'er return,
Their woes who but ſurvive to mourn;
E'en when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
  And trumpets cleave the ear,
The truly brave ſhall heave a ſigh,
  Shall vent kind pity's tear.

Then do not, for an empty name,
  A phantom thus purſue,
Think that if glory mark thy fame,
  Murder ſhall mark it too;
Reaſon, and peace, and love, dwell here,
  And if for other's woe
We heave the ſigh, and ſtart the tear,
  From guilt they never flow;

Ah!

Ah! ſtay, leſt thou ſhould'ſt ne'er return,
Leſt I ſhould but ſurvive to mourn;
Leſt when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets cleave the ear,
Thy fate demands the generous ſigh,
And mine the pitying tear.

SONG.

BRITISH GENEROSITY.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, *at* Covent Garden Theatre, *in the Scene of the* Surrender of Toulon.

WHILE round theſe tow'rs the Britiſh colours wave,
Return to order, and your country ſave!
For this we're landed on your ſhore;
Your beſt of friends, your gen'rous foes,
'Twill be a conqueſt to reſtore
Your troubled nation to repoſe.

CHORUS.

O! while upon theſe tow'rs our colours wave,
Return to order, and your country ſave.

O never may you feel again
The galling fetter, ſlaviſh oar;
But pureſt freedom with you reign,
And fraud aſſume her name no more!

Yet, while upon theſe tow'rs our colours wave,
Return to order, and your country ſave.

To each assaulted frontier town!
There parents, widows, orphans, weep!
By midnight fires your proudest cities burn!
And death usurps the name of sleep!

But while along these tow'rs the British colours wave,
Return to order, and your country save.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, *in the* Children of the Wood.

THERE was Dorothy Dump,
Would mutter and mump,
And cry—"My dear Walter, heigh ho!"
But no step she could take
Would my constancy shake,
For she had a timber toe.

There was Rebecca Rose,
With her aquiline nose,
Who cry'd—"For you, Walter, I die!"
But I laugh'd at each glance,
She threw at me askance,
For she had a gimlet eye.

There was Tabitha Twist,
Had a mind to be kiss'd,
And made on my heart an attack;
But her love I derided,
For she was lop-sided,
And cursedly warp'd in the back.

There was Barbara Brian,
Who always was crying,
"Dear youth, put an end to my woes!"
But to save in her head,
All the tears that she shed,
Nature gave her a bottle-nose.

SONG

SONG,

RECOMPENCE OF CONSTANCY.

Written, compoſed, and ſung by Mr. Dibdin.

THE ſurge hoarſely murm'ring, young Fanny's grief mocking,
The ſpray rudely daſhing as ſalt as her tears,
The ſhips in the offing perpetually rocking.
Too faithful a type of her hopes and her fears;
'Twas here ſhe cried out that Jack's vows were ſo many;
Here I bitterly wept and I bitterly weep,
Here heart-whole he ſwore to return to his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that nods o'er the deep.

Ah! mock not my troubles, ye pitileſs breakers;
Ye winds do not thus melt my heart with alarms,
He is your pride and mine, in my grief then partakers,
My ſailor, in ſafety, waft back to my arms;
They are deaf and ungrateful—theſe woes are too many,
Here, here will I die, where I bitterly weep,
Some true lover ſhall write the ſad fate of poor Fanny,
On the trembling pine that hangs o'er the deep.

Thus her heart ſadly torn with its wild perturbation,
No friend but her ſorrow, no hope but the grave,
Led on by her grief to the laſt deſperation,
She ran to the cliff and plung'd into the wave;
A tar ſaved her life,—the fond tale ſhall pleaſe many,
Who before wept her fate, now no longer ſhall weep,
'Twas her Jack, who returning had ſought out his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that hangs o'er the deep.

SONG.

MARY.

Sung in a Dramatic Piece of the same Name, at a Private Theatre.

SULLEN sounds the midnight bell,
As I weep o'er Mary's urn!
Deep vibrations seem to tell,
"Mary never will return."

Still the spot, and deep the grave,
Where my Mary's form must lay:
Youth and beauty could not save;
Fate hath torn my love away.

Mourners, see my sweet to bed!
See her to her last repose!
By affection fondly led,
Give a sigh to Mary's woes.

O'er her coffin drop the flower,
Lovely emblem of decay!
Take it from her lonely bower,
Where she sigh'd along the day.

"Happy flowers!" would Mary sigh,
"Sweet your life, and quickly o'er;
"When shall hapless Mary die?
"When shall Mary be no more?"

Weeping virgins, well ye know,
Mary did not long complain;
Clos'd her life, and clos'd her woe:—
'Tis her Edward lives to pain.

Long

Long I ſtruggled with the ſtorm,
Daſhing billows long did brave:—
Mary, dreaming, view'd my form,
Hov'ring o'er a liquid grave.

Morning roſe on Mary's tears;
"Where's my love?" ſhe wildly cried:—
Downcaſt looks confirm'd her fears;
Mary ſhrunk—and ſhriek'd—and died!

SONG.

THE RUSH LIGHT.

SIR Solomon Simons, when he did wed,
Bluſh'd black as a crow; his fair lady did bluſh light;
The clock ſtruck twelve, they were both tuck'd in bed,
In the chimney a ruſh light:
A little farthing ruſh light. Fal lal la, &c.

Sir Solomon gave his lady a nudge,
Cries he, Lady Simons there's vaſtly too much light;
Then Sir Solomon, ſays ſhe, to get up you can't grudge
And blow out the ruſh light:
The little farthing ruſh light, &c.

Sir Solomon then out of bed he pops his toes,
And vaſtly he ſwore, and very much did curſe light,
And then to the chimney Sir Solomon he goes,
And he puff'd at the ruſh-light.
The little farthing ruſh light, &c.

Lady Simons got up in her night cap ſo neat,
And over the carpet my lady did bruſh light,

And

And there Sir Solomon she found in a heat,
Puffing at the rush-light;
Then she puff'd at the rush light,
But neither of them both could blow out the rush-light.

Sir Solomon and lady, their breath quite gone,
Rang the bell in a rage, determin'd to crush light;
Half a sleep, in his shirt, then up came John,
And he puff'd at the rush-light;
The little farthing rush-light;
But neither of the three could blow out the rush-light.

Cook, coachman, and maid, very near all in buff,
Came and swore in their lives they never met with such light,
And each of the family by turns had a puff
At the little farthing rush-light,
The cursed farthing rush-light;
But none of the family could blow out the rush-light.

The watchman at last went by, crying—One;
Mr. watchman, come up, than you we might get worse light;
Then up came the watchman, the business was done,
For he turn'd down the rush-light,
The little farthing rush-light;
Till one o'clock—So he put out the rush-light.

FINIS.